

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

NUMBER 15

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

The Wanderer.

Upon a mountain high, far from the sea,
Sang of the sea;
And to my listening ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain
height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too care-
less hand,
Whether there cast when oceans swept the
land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native
deep,
One song it sang;
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the storied sea, profound and
wide—
Ever with echoes of old ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O, my home! sing O, my home,
Of these.

—Eugene Field.

THE SAGA OF THE ROCKS

On the seamy side of the square,
in the upper tiers of the Old Man-
sion lived and worked the Judge,
the Author, and the Volsung. The
latter thumbed and patted clay into
embodiments of classic dreams as
long as he could afford this labor of
love; but a day always dawned
when the taps at his door became
aggressive taps, requests, peremp-
tory demands. Then he would sigh
deeply, lay down his modeling tool,
and go to the studio of a boss
sculptor, there to serve Mammon
that he might continue his art. His
comrades surmised the Volsung,
because he first saw the light
in Iceland and was a man of many
sagas. As to the Judge, his
title rested on the fact that he
quitted his bed at a seemly hour,
bustled away to the office of *Romantic World*, and stayed there
all day tasting the perennial inflow
of verse and prose. The Author
and the Sculptor, who were their
own lords, and had no particular
hour for rising, pitied the hard-
worked editor every day of the week
except salary day.

One night of late autumn the
three were sprawled in roomy chairs
before the Judge's open fire. Se-
renely they smoked and reveled in
the luxury of long silences. Once
or twice the Volsung gave voice to
broken musings about a new tenant
in the attic and a linnet, waking
him with her song that morning
two hours before the Judge's alarm
clock broke loose. While his
friends wondered what might be on
his mind, and waited for him to
disclose the secret, they heard a
gentle knocking at the door.

"Come in!" cried the Judge,
observing the law of the Mansion;
but the visitor did not enter. Again
the knocking sounded, gentler than
before. The Author, springing up,
flung wide the barrier, and looked
into the face of a young girl. She
stood back from the threshold, with
blushes showing despite the feeble
glimmering of the hall gas.

"I—I hope you will excuse me,"
she said, quite gravely. "I wish to
speak to the gentleman I disturbed
this morning. The housekeeper
told me. She said he was here."

"To me the honor!" cried the Vol-
sung, jumping up. The Judge, too,
was on his feet, pulling around a
chair for her.

"I am afraid you thought it
dreadfully rude," she went on, a
little more at ease as she took the
chair—"singing so early in the
morning."

The Volsung, one hand flat on his
breast, executed a director's bow,
and assured her that the "distur-
bance" had given him the keenest
delight. Would she mind disturb-
ing him every morning with her
charming voice?

"You must be very good-nat-
ured," she said, laughing. And
then, after regarding his face close-
ly: "You are of Norse stock—
Icelandic, perhaps?"

"That I am!" he answered,
gaily. "The blood of the Vikings
courses in my veins. How
did you guess it?"

"There are many people of Norse
descent in the village I come from.
My grandmother was Icelandic.
The ship that brought her founder
off the coast of Long Island, and
there she lived the rest of her
days."

While they listened the men noted
that she was frail of figure, that

her hair was light brown and her
eyes, large and blue, bespoke a
pensive nature. Her face was
pretty, with a freshness of color
that told of country air, as did her
little brown hat and modelled gown.
During the talk that followed she
glanced about the room and saw
the books on every hand. Some
lay jumbled on the floor, others
crowded a dusty Greek Slave on
the mantel shelf; a select few tried
to look orderly in a dislocated rack.

"I guess somebody here does
literary work," she remarked, and
the Judge, with a solemn straight
face, explained that he had followed
the profession of letters and forsaken
it after a brilliant *succes d'estime*
lasting three years. In that period
his works had enjoyed a vast cir-
culation among the editors and
publishers, who seldom let go of
them without writing letters of
appreciation as "we regret," "not
quite," "sure you can," "to be
perfectly frank," "no lack of
merit," besides many other equally
glowing testimonials. About a
year ago he had accepted the post
of literary adviser, and his own
works were no longer in circulation.

In point of truth, the Judge had
met with good success as a writer,
and the Author and the Volsung
scowled at him for this heartless
bit of chaffing. They were glad when
the girl proved that she had not
comprehended it at all by saying
diffidently that she, too, had done
literary work. Presently they were
listening to her story. She came
from one of the antique villages
that repose on Long Island's south-
ern coast, where she had lived with
a maiden aunt. Since the loss of
her parents she had supported her-
self by teaching school. An ad-
vertisement drew her to the Man-
sion. She had heard that many
writers and artists lived on the
square, and she was so glad to get a
room there, for she had decided to
live in New York and devote her-
self to literary pursuits!

The assistant editor of *Romantic World*
coughed down a rugged
ejaculation, and the Author stared
into the fire without change of
countenance, but the Volsung gazed
at her in wide-eyed admiration. He
told her that she was brave, and
would command success. A little
while and Rolly found his tongue
—Rolly, the novelist, who had writ-
ten six books and just managed to
exist on the royalties.

"Have you had anything printed
here?" he asked, convinced that
there was something back of her
coming to New York.

"Not yet," she answered con-
fidently, "but I shall have soon.
Romantic World has accepted one
of my stories." The Judge asked
her name. Her answer gave him
another fit of coughing. "Have
you sold anything else?" he in-
quired, with a feint of casual in-
terest that was a sorry failure.

"Not yet. You see, in the
country I haven't had the right
opportunity. The editor of *Romantic World*
has given me splendid
encouragement. He wrote a most
kind letter. He praised my work
and said that I should do more. If
you can once get a footing in New
York, they say, you are all right."

Rolly felt it a duty to apprise her
of the dark path she had chosen—
to hold up a friendly light that
should reveal the hardship of it
while yet there was time to turn
back. The dampening of youthful
ardor and the shaking of girlish
faith was not the sort of task he re-
lished, but it seemed unmanly to
stand by and see her going blind-
fold to disappointment and suffer-
ing. If it did not occur to him that
her adventure might have a happier
sequel. He chanced to be in a
mood to see the black side of things.
A supply of gloom had been handed
to him that morning by the post-
man. It was in a letter from his
publishers. They expressed their
regret to announce that "Violet
Maybough," his last novel—for
which wide popularity was expected
—had turned out to be a "dead
horse," and one that gave no visi-
ble promise of revival. Yes; he
must tell this girl of the bitterness,
the despair that barred the way,
making it impossible save for one
or two in a thousand. As soon as
he opened his lips his brave purpose
evaporated. What he said was
"Oh, yes; you are all right if once

you get a start in New York," and
despised himself for a coward.

When she had made her adieu
and the door was closed, the Volsung
leaped to his feet and threw a kiss
to the chandelier.

"The Linnet!" he exclaimed, roll-
ing up his eyes. "Elle eat char-
mante!"

"Be quiet, Vol!" cried the Judge.
"Can't you see this is a tragedy?"

"A tragedy?"
"Of course; and I am the smiling
villain. It's this way: If our shop
hadn't bought the story of her she
would not have left the village.
That droplet of success turned her
head."

"Well, are you the whole of the
Romantic World, that you should
shoulder the blame?"

"The thing came to me to read,"
the Judge explained. "I was
struck with its freshness and what
I might call its naïf authority. And
there were some fetching color
strokes—the smoking Corson lights
of the life-saving corps, petrels woo-
ing in the storm above the wreck,
the night cannonade of the surf.
She has breathed in that sort of
thing for years down there on the
coast. I was a true voice, Rolly.
The mail doesn't bring many of that
sort, you know. It needed some
editing, but I took the thing in to
the old man, and in my enthusiasm
batted it up pretty hard, I think.
He sniffed it and muttered 'All
right.' I wrote the letter of accept-
ance, and—heaven help me!—ad-
ded a word of encouragement. It's
all my fault."

"Cheer up!" said Rolly. "I
think she's the sort to pull through!"

"You bet!" chimed in the Vol-
sung.

"I'm sure of it," the Judge
agreed, "and that's why I'm scared.
Her pluck, you see, will make
her fight on against the killing odds
rather than go back and face the
ridicule of the merry villagers.
Same old paragraph!"

"Perhaps she'll go on putting the
charm of freshness into her work,
and it'll be all right," suggested
Rolly, but the effort to console
lacked conviction.

"You know very well she will
not," the Judge returned, "now
that she has come into the poisoned
air."

It was not long before the Linnet
learned who Rolly was. Some of
his books had stranded in the cir-
culating library of her village.
Once she met him in the hall and
told how fortunate she thought her-
self to know such a distinguished
author. A week afterward she
knocked at his door to borrow a
book and found him frying eggs on
a gas stove. Rolly told himself
that it was a lucky chance, for she
would not be likely to think him so
great a man after that and not ask
him to read her manuscripts. About
that time another woman moved
into the Mansion, but she was mar-
ried and her husband was there, and
she did not approve of a girl all
alone on the topmost tier. All the
society the Linnet had in the house
was that of the Volsung, whom she
thought great fun; the Judge, who
frightened her a little; and Rolly,
whose fame puzzled because she had
seen him frying eggs.

Nearly always she was in her attic
alone with the clouds and the wav-
ing treetops. Now and then Uncle
Bill, the Mansion cat, looked in.
On her way to the street she stop-
ped at Rolly's door sometimes to
tell him of a "splendid idea" she
had for a story; and splendid ideas
Rolly sometimes found them.
"Why can't such visions come to
me?" he demanded of the wall
paper—"to me, who could do just a
wee mite with them?"

She passed the hours cheerfully,
it seemed to her next-door neighbor
but a day came when the Volsung
listened in vain for her morning
song. Her manuscripts had begun
to come home. Through the glass
front of the letter box in the lower
hall Rolly saw the first big editorial
envelope, and after an hour's tussle
he gave up trying to cobble sen-
tences that day. That envelope
marked the second act of the tra-
gedy the Judge had foreseen.
Rolly knew it meant for her the
chill awakening that had come one
day to his own youthful dream.

In the weeks that followed they
saw little of her, but several times
they heard the postman bawl her
name up the stairs in order to

collect excess postage on her return-
ed writings. When this occurred
Rolly burned to punch the man's
head, but the next instant saw the
editors as the real offenders, and
berated them fluently for breaking
the little girl's heart. In this
effort he was seconded ornately by
the Volsung with figures of speech
coined in Iceland. As defender of
the faculty, the Judge retorted that
they both were old enough to know
that periodicals are business enter-
prises. The force of this was clear
enough to Rolly, but the Volsung
could not admit the Judge to be a
whole souled fellowship for a day or
two, because he thought he had dis-
closed a stony heart. Their recon-
ciliation came about one snowy
night of January. The three sat in
their long chairs before the fire
smoking in silence, but all thinking
of the girl up stairs. A shrap rap-
ping brought the Judge out of his
seat. Before he could say "Come
in!" they heard the voice of Signora
Housekeeper in the room:

"Ees-a var sick, dat-a lady in
de attic-a," she puffed. "Moost-a
go doctor, right way, somebodee.
Ees-a not go live, I'm tink."

The Volsung, coatless and bare-
headed, shot past her and took the
staircase by leaps. In the white
light of the electric lamps Rolly
and the Judge, looking from the
window, saw his tall, spare figure
tearing across the park, through
the sparkling snowflakes, to the
north side, where a physician lived.
How he ran! And this the man
who read in bed and tied strings to
the gaskook that he might turn
out the light without leaving his pillow!

When the doctor came from the
Linnet's room he found the three
waiting in the hall.
"A serious case, gentleman," he
said. "Lack of nourishment, I
think," mainly.

The Volsung caught his arm.
"What do you mean?" he asked,
hoarsely.

"From what she said, I think
she's half starved. A heavy cold,
and there is—a temperature. In
her low state of vitality she may
get pneumonia. Has she any
friends?"

"Yes!" the three answered firm-
ly, as with one voice.
"Ah, I see," the medical man said,
looking from one to the other. "It
is important that she have perfect
quiet, good nourishment and the
best of care generally. I'll look in
again first thing in the morning. I
left the prescription with the house-
keeper. Good night, gentlemen."

They contrived to supply the
Linnet with what money could pro-
cure to help her back to health.
She did not mend. Although no
definite ailment set in, she grew
weaker as the days passed. The
doctor did not shake his head. He
owned frankly that the trouble was
of a sort that he could not arrive at
diagnosing positively.

One night the Judge came from
the office showing a face graver
than any he had worn since the
girl fell ill. He called Rolly and
the Volsung into his room and held
up a sheaf of manuscript. They
saw that it was of note size, written
in a fine, delicate hand.

"It's one of hers," said the
Judge, and the others were silent.
"Looks as though it had been in
circulation some time. It came to
our shop this morning. She must
have got the signora to post it."

"Well!" said Rolly, anxiously.
"Heavens, man! You're not go-
ing to reject it?" the Volsung cried.

"Won't you sit down, old fellow,
and keep cool a moment?" pleaded
the Judge, grimly calm himself.

"How is she tonight?"
"No better, I'm afraid," Rolly
answered, sadly. "I tried to cheer
her up; told her not to worry about
the landlord, and that we'd look
after everything. She murmurs
that she has nothing to live for."

"That decides it!" exclaimed the
Judge, slapping his knee with the
manuscript. "It's the only thing
that can save her!"

"What's on your mind?" asked
the Author.

"Just this: Suppose she got a
letter accepting one of her things,
and along with it the publisher's
check?"

"I think she'd be up and about
in no time," said Rolly.

"I'd hear her singing the next
morning!" the Volsung cried,

throwing upward a kiss of antic-
ipated rhapsody.

The Judge ran his fingers
through the written page. "That's
what I think," he said. "Now,
suppose, for example, she got a
check for a particular story at this
particular time?"

"Glorious! Put it through, old
man!" cried the sculptor, while
Rolly's nodding head and speaking
eye told plainly that he knew what
was on the Judge's mind.

"You know I can't accept things,
Vol," said the Judge. "The most
I can do is to bat them up to the
old man; then he makes decisions.
Now, I've read this thing three
times through and through. It's
an Icelandic tale, remarkable in
many respects. The mystery is
how she ever conceived it."

"It's no mystery to me," Rolly
observed, reflectively. "She has
more good ideas for stuff in an hour
than I have in a year—and I'd give
a year of life to have had any one
of them. She's a genius there."

"And there it ends," added the
Judge, "although that other bit of
hers that we took—the fatal bit,
you know—was not badly written;
but this—well, it won't do at all as
it is. Of course, it's twice as long
as it ought to be. Still, the human
interest blossoms in spite of the
weeds that would choke it, and the
characters are real now and then—
whenever she gives them half a
chance to be themselves. Now,
Rolly, I thought—"

Rolly jumped up with astonishing
nimbleness for a veteran novelist.
"All right, Jack," he said, and
grasping the lame body of the
Linnet's "splendid idea," started
for the door.

"Don't let it run over 3,000
words," the Judge called after him.
Then he and the Volsung joined
hands and pranced for joy. They
knew that her story would be cob-
bled to "batting up" form at the
bench of Rolly—Royaleux Smiles,
Esq., the man whose books pub-
lishers classed as risky because
they failed, as the paintings of
Andrea del Sarto failed—they were
faultless. In a few minutes he
came back holding a page of
manuscript.

"Look here, Vol," he said, "how
many words are there in an Ice-
landic workman's vocabulary?"

"Eh, what? Why, not more than
400—450 at most."

"Good!" and he returned to his
shop. Half an hour and he was in
again. "Have you seen the rime
on the coast rocks, Vol?" he asked.

"Many a time."

"O sunny days does it gleam
anything like mother-of-pearl?"

"You, yes! Of course it does," an-
swered the other, jubilantly when a
picture of his boyhood had had time
to come back. "By Jove, she's got
it pat!"

For the first time in his life Rolly
knew the feeling of the editorial
reviser who sees his "toucher"
credited to the writer. Never be-
fore had he meddled with another's
work. Without even a glance that
might reveal the truth, he returned
to his task.

Next time it was the Signora that
interrupted the enlivened talk of
the Judge and the Volsung.

"Ees-a var bad tonight, dat-a
lady," said the dame, shaking her
head and taking a chair. "I am
going moocha sorry, me, she can
no live, I am going tink."

"Signora, you said that a week
ago," the Judge returned, smiling.
"Some morning you will find her
taking a turn in the square."

"Nevair, nevair!" she declared,
throwing up her hands. "Dat-a
lady walk in square! I'm goin' tink
she walk nevair no more. See her
poor face, how ees-a white, an' she
no eat nooten. Moost-a come soon
de priest-a. I'm ask-a him. Ees-a
sacred mahn, Padre Nicodem.
He mak-a good-a talk. Poor lady!
Goin' mooch-a sorry me. Good-a
nighd, jantelman, good-a nighd."

"Do you understand that she
has called in a 'priest'?" asked the
Judge, when the door was closed.

"Yes. Perhaps we are too late."
The Volsung's head was in his
hands.

"I've done my best. As soon as
I got hold of the manuscript I
brought it home."

All night Rolly toiled, while the
smoke from the briarwood curled
round his head like the rings of
Saturn. It was in the gray of the

morning, when workmen were
hurrying across the square with
their dinner pails, that he gave his
finishing touches to "The Saga of
the Rocks."

Two hours afterwards the Judge
opened the door softly and moved
without sound to the witting table
where the neatly folded manuscript
awaited him. He had rewritten the
story from beginning to end. In
the nest room the editor's coffee
was boiling over merrily, but he
read to the last-line, in the pure de-
light that finished prose gives the
critic. On the way out he paused
at Rolly's bedside and looked upon
him in the manner that a mortal
might have looked upon a slumber-
ing god. You may be sure that the
manuscript was duly batted up to
the old man, and that mail from
Romantic World that night con-
tained a check for the Linnet.
When the doctor saw her next
morning he knew that some abler
physician had been at work. An-
other day, and the Volsung's pro-
phesy was fulfilled. He heard her
singing in the attic.

In regard to the day of reckoning
—the dreaded moment when she
should learn the truth—the Judge
eased their anxiety some what by
reporting from the office that at
"The Saga of the Rocks" would
not be published for three months.
That seemed plenty of time for a
master of fiction to invent a denoue-
ment that should satisfy the Linnet
and ward off the blow in store for
her; but the more Rolly walked the
floor the further he found himself
from a convincing explanation.
He smiled to think how easily he
could have managed the plot on
paper, with the Linnet as a crea-
ture of his fancy inspired to feel
and act as his brain directed.
How different it was when he had
to do with a tender soul in real life
—a girl face to face with remorse-
less fact, crushing disillusion!
Manfully the Judge cudgeled his
wits, but he, too, was unable to
concoct a scheme of deliverance.

The Volsung's mind labored like
a mill and ground out a plan:
Why could they not tell her that in
her delirium she had retold the tale,
and that one of them, chancing to
be present, and feeling its won-
drous charm, had taken it down
word for word in shorthand? This
would make the thing at least the
work of her own mind, the product
of her entity. It was a forlorn re-
sort; the others told him to do what
he could with his wretched fiction,
and hoped for the best.

The Volsung never had a chance
to exploit the friendly fib. He and
his comrades had counted without
a true estimate of the stuff of which
the Linnet was made. Every week
she watched for her story in *Romantic World*. One day she found
it, blazoned in large type, her name
standing boldly under the title. In
the opening sentences she saw what
had been done and divined the
hand that had wrought the magic.
How was it possible for any reader
of his books not to know the match-
less craft of Rolly. The discovery
was indeed painful; but reading on
he became aware of a light that
first interested, then cheered, and
ended by filling her with the joy of
the wanderer who has found the
way. She perceived the art that
had breathed noble beauty and
temple charm into the soul of her
homely picture. Tears came, but
they were tears of gladness and
thanksgiving for the sun that had
risen to gild the heights toward
which she had been groping. In
the Judge's room that night three
men joined hands and danced in a
circle like the little girls who play-
ed "ring around rosy" in the
square. This occurred after the
Linnet, her heart not broken, but
beating high with gratitude, made
known to them the joy of her illu-
mination.

Another week and she was back
on the Long Island coast, well con-
tent to live in the village, teach
school, and in spare hours study the
art of the writer. Did she ever
walk the sunlit heights? Let the
words of a master make answer.
When the leaves had come and gone
more than once a book of romance
written by the Linnet reached the
table of Royaleux Smits, Esq., in
the library of his home looking on
Central Park from the eastward
side. His last novel, having touch-
ed the heart of the multitude more

deeply than its mind, had touched
its pocket as well. It was a great
popular success, and in the dust of
it his revived "horses" galloped
prosperously. One night the Judge
and the Volsung looked in for a
smoke and a feast of long silences,
as of yore. They found Rolly with
the Linnet's book in his hand. It
bore the odd dedication, "To My
Three Good Angels."

"Boys," said Rolly, patting the
volume fondly, "she has arrived.
It's far ahead of anything I may
ever hope to do."—Henry Wilton
Thomas in New York Press.

Motion Pictures.

Again the Deaf-Mutes' Union
League has stepped out in the lime-
light of publicity. By referring to
the last page, our readers will see
our advertisement wherein a "Mov-
ing Pictures" Exhibition is an-
nounced.

Our last affair, in January 11th,
1905, gained much popular favor in
the eyes of the deaf public, that
the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has
since then been repeatedly request-
ed to give another "Exhibition,"
which will, accordingly, take place
on Saturday evening, April 22d,
1905, at the spacious Harlem
Branch of the Y. M. C. A., 5 West
125th Street, just one door from
Fifth Avenue.

We believe that the entire deaf
public will appreciate this hercu-
lean task we have undertaken. It
is not a case of patting ourselves on
the head.

We say "herculean" because it
was with a great expense of time
and a much more financial outlay
that we were able to secure the
services of the American Vitograph
Company, of America, and to
engage the wide Y. M. C. A. Lec-
ture Hall, having a seating capa-
city of over 650, for that date.

It is an undisputable fact, chal-
lenging refutation, that no affair,
be it ever so grand and costly, can
stand comparison with "Moving
Pictures" as a means of directly
appealing to the emotions and
the minds of the deaf. Alike with
their hearing brothers and sisters,
they can grasp each situation
as it is thrown across the broad ex-
pansive screen, joining with them
in the various emotions of the
human heart; for a while they are
lulled in the lap of contentment,
forgetting their own affliction—deaf-
ness.

We assure all those who will
attend a strictly high class exhibi-
tion of "Moving Pictures," depict-
ing, among its numerous salient
features, "The Strike," a social
drama, grand in conception, drama-
tic in action, triumphant in climax.
It is one of the most forceful picture
dramas ever presented on any
screen.

The general admission price is
thirty five cents which guarantees
a seat to everyone. For those who
would like to obtain better ones
giving a clear view, we have re-
served seats on the balcony, costing
fifty cents each, which are num-
bered, seat and ticket, correspond-
ing alike somewhat on the theatre
plan.

They can be obtained from any
member, or by applying to the chair-
man, Marcus L. Kenner, Room 9,
No. 139 W. 125 St., and the box
office on April 22d.

Lest you forget, just one word
more: Remember Saturday even-
ing, April 22d, at the Y. M. C. A.
Hall, 5 West 125 Street.

MARCUS L. KENNER, Chr.
THEO. S. ROSE,
FRANK FOSYTHEE.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

FRANKLIN STREET, ABOVE GREEN,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Easter Day, April 23d, there
will be two Celebrations of the Holy
Communion at All Souls' Church—
viz., at 10.30 A.M. (as heretofore
announced), and at 3 P.M.

The afternoon service is added in
compliance with the wishes of a
large number who are unable to
attend the morning service, and also
for the many who have been in the
habit of attending from suburban
points.

C. O. DANTZER, Pastor.
1829 W. Ontario St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00
It not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
North the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE thanks of all the little paper editors are certainly due Mr. Caldwell, for the subjoined sermon on the errors of the Press, which we have taken from a recent issue of the *California News*.

That no book is ever issued from the press that is entirely free from errors, is a well-known fact. It is, therefore, no disgrace, that the printing output from our institution printing offices, should be marred here and there by typographical errors. Nevertheless those in charge of these school printing offices, experience a sense of humiliation and a feeling of exasperation, when blunders are revealed too late to be corrected.

The deaf pupil in a printing office makes errors that deceive the eye. His meagre knowledge of language, causes him to set the type according to the appearance of a word, which is quite different from a hearing printer, who goes by the syllables and the sound.

Last week the first article on this page had two typographical errors in the first half-dozen lines, and as often happens they were of such a character as to make the text ridiculous. The reader who called our attention to the first error ("a rest," instead of "the rest,"), said that the sentence still had a meaning, even if it wasn't what the wise man meant to say: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life and you may have the rest."

The other error was in the case where "prove" was used instead of "prone." It is an easy matter to explain how a writer, reading the proof of his own composition and knowing exactly what he meant to say, can overlook such a blunder or indeed almost any blunder where the word has not been greatly changed in appearance. The thoughts of the proof-reader in such a case are running on ahead and are considering whether the ideas intended to be conveyed are presented in their best form by himself, rather than noting whether the types have presented even what he meant to say. It is easy to explain it; yes, but even with all the explanations possible, there remains a feeling of defeat, a stupid sort of astonishment that anything so plain could pass before the eyes, not merely once, but even two or three times, and not be detected.

But it is least a comforting reflection to have in mind that there are others. The *Booklover's Magazine* for February sends a railroad on a debauch instead of having it merely debauch. In the *Century* for the same month is an article on the Everglades and in it we find our old friend "Florida." (Wonder if there is a deaf-mute on the *Century's* force of compositors!) The *March Scribner* has a "figgity;" perhaps the author is to blame for this, but one would think that the editors would have something to say in the matter. We were reading a volume of "Montaigne's Essays" the other evening, printed by A. L. Burt, of New York, and within three lines the word "recommend" appeared twice,—first time spelled with two e's and one m, and the other time correctly. The *Cosmopolitan* for February contributes "wich-hazel," (which, to our surprise, finds support in the dictionary.) One of our esteemed contemporaries of the "little paper family" not long ago told how some water-pipes "burst," and another spoke of "a strata." Here are a few choice selections which we have extracted from time to time and stuck on a scrap of paper to refresh our drooping spirits. If the gentle reader can't understand some of them, he might get light by writing to the papers themselves, (for we are going to give names):

We are a little surprised that this usually conservative editor should make such a rash statement. He must have been attending what is a "corn party."—*Palmetto Leaf*.

Soliders in blue, a health to you!
Long life and vigor oft renewed;
While on your hearts, like honey-dew,
Falls our great country's gratitude.
—*Ky. Standard*.

The *Daily Paper* for Our Little People comes to us in a neat new cover and under a new title, namely, the *Rochester Advocate of English and Speech for the Deaf*. The design on the covering is most artistically executed and the reading matter of such a nature as would interest the intelligent reader. We like Rochester's little paper.—*Silent Echo*.

(Note the weird spelling of "Rochester," twice. However, it is not more weird than the *Advocate's* own rendering of "Way down upon the Swannee River.")

Seven members of the faculty of the school made the tests, and, as far as possible, the pupils were tried with a person with whose voice he was familiar.—*Silent Hoosier*.

The next time we go South we may lay our plans to visit over Louisiana friends.—*Rocky Mt. Leader*.

The *Goodson Gazette* in giving an account of honors won by a deaf man, places at the head of the paragraph this line:

A Dead Mute Honored.

Yet there is nothing in the paragraph to indicate that the deaf-mute is also a dead mute.

The *North Carolina Messenger* thus "floods" Tennyson in the last stanza of his "Crossing the Bar:"

For though from out our bourne of Time
And Place,
The floor-cum-beam me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

And speaking of poetry, the *Illinois Advance* admits to its columns, without apology, some verses on Virginia, (which we suspect it copied from the *Virginia Gazette*, though it doesn't say so,) in which there is an attempt made to have "land" rhyme with "man." But perhaps the greatest transgressor in this respect is the *Mt. Airy World*, in which we find "gone" and "morn" trying in vain to harmonize. Is Editor Taylor attempting to introduce Southern dialect into Quaker society?

In the *Silent Worker* there was not long since an account of a banquet, including "toasts," these being primed with alleged quotations from the Poets, though there have been some liberties taken with the text. One credited to Pope runs as follows:

Then let us mingle with a friendly bow,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

The first line has evidently been adapted, but surely there was no occasion or intention to kill the rhyme "bow" and "soul." Under the head of "The Press," there is something credited to Browning, but it looks in spots a good deal more like pi than like Browning.

And just as we conclude this medley, we note in the *Craftsman* for March two glaring typographical errors. In an article on John Muir reference is made to several scientists, including "Le Comte," among them, the writer (or proof reader—or both) evidently having mixed the French philosopher's name with that of the American geologist; and in another part of the same paper reference is made to a "Mexican vacuero," but there is no explanation given for putting the c in vacuero.

Oh, yes, there's no lack of company for the unhappy proof reader, but there's mighty little comfort after all in being in such company.

In reference to the editorial brevity in last week's issue, commenting upon a police court affair as reported in the daily newspapers, Principal Gruver, of the Lexington Avenue School sends the following:

"Mr. Driscoll and I appeared before the police captain and by speech, writing and signs drew from the prisoner his story. This action needs neither explanation nor defense."

"The JOURNAL says that we profess to know nothing of the sign language and to have no use for it. The facts are that we know the sign language, its uses and abuses too well to use it to admit that we used gestures (not the sign language, because he could not understand its fine points) to good advantage in freeing this innocent deaf man, who, without our aid, would have been sent to jail."

"It is not true that the prisoner was a former pupil of the afore-mentioned asylum. He came to this country about three years ago and has never been connected with this institution in any capacity."

"This affair had in it no fine intellectual shades or beautiful distinctions as to the proper time and place to use signs. On whole object was to render the deaf man a service, and this we did not hesitate to do in the way we did."

"Persons interested in the deaf—regardless of the methods of instruction they support—should never hesitate, in performing an act of mercy, to use any means of communication the case may require."

Deaf, Heard "Money"

Bent with age, her hair snow white, a woman who gave her name variously as Ann Kelly, Ellen Kennedy and Ellen Kinney, was committed to the Workhouse for one month in the West Side Court today on a charge of vagrancy. The complainant, Pauline Klemp, of No. 226 West Eighty-sixth street, who declared she had taken an oath to remain single and devote her life to helping the needy, said she met the old woman on Central Park West, her left arm in a sling.

"She said she was deaf," said Miss Klemp, "but when I asked her in a low tone of voice how much money she needed, she had no difficulty in hearing me." At the police station after her arrest it was found there was nothing wrong with her arm.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Preparing for Camp at Great Falls.

FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Base ball Team in Form.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 11.—Kendall Green is fast taking on an appearance which justifies its name. The campus and grounds have already put on their spring dress of fresh bright green, and the trees are well on with their leafing. Everything outdoors is growing and is calling everybody inside to come out and grow too. It gets into one's blood, even here just on the edge of a great city, the center of our national life, the stamping ground of the office-seeker and the lobbyist—this restlessness and hankering for the woods and hills, the itch for outdoor activity of some sort. In two weeks or so the Easter vacation will be here, and with it fuller opportunity to indulge these instincts, which we now strive to satisfy with baseball, tennis, and occasional wheel ride or a visit to the Zoo. When the holidays come, the students will go for their annual camp outing at Great Falls, and, even now, preparations are being made for the excursion, in the shape of inquiries for axes, lanterns, overhauling of camp paraphernalia, etc., repairs on the various forms of camp cots, descended from the only original patent which had its inception in the fertile brains of Hewetson, Mather, Garrett, Rowse, party of 1903, and which inaugurated a new era in the matter of camp outfitting. Present indications point to a rather considerable diminution in the number of campers this year, but many of the straddlers will doubtless change their mind at the last moment and go, scrambling up an outfit at the eleventh hour, and after reaching camp, borrowing from more foresighted and better equipped parties the articles they overlooked in their hurry.

The baseball team has been practicing all the week, and is now rounding into better form after the various shifts necessitated by the loss of Matzner, catcher, from the team. It will be remembered that Matzner was injured while trying to make second base during the game with Villa Nova. He went into the base at full speed, and either caught his spikes in the bag or got his foot under the strap which secures the bag to the pin; then, being unable to stop, he was carried over the bag, while his foot was caught there, and the result was that he broke the bones in his instep in three places, and dislocated his ankle. He has been down up in a plaster cast for over a week, but will be out on crutches in a day or two, and is doing very well. The improved form in which the team is playing is shown by the excellent game they played with Western Maryland College, on Saturday, April 8th, at Westminster. The score was W. M. C. 4—Gallaudet 2. Western Maryland's four runs were all made in one inning when, with the bases full and two out, the batter knocked a fly to the outfield, which would have been an easy out on a level field, but which Cooper could not get then, owing to a sudden downward slope of the ground which took him way under the ball, and turned the fly hit into a home run. Furthermore, the game was called at the close of the seventh inning, in order that Gallaudet might catch the train. Just at this time, they were beginning to bat more freely, and our best hitters were coming up to the plate. It is little use speculating as to the outcome if the full nine innings had been played, but from all the facts it is very evident that Gallaudet had a good fighting chance to win, of which she was robbed, by the fact that time, tide, and trains wait for no man. The game was a very exciting one, and abounded in good play interspersed with errors, which, however, were so scattered as to count for but little in the run getting, save in that fatal third inning. Dillon pitched a very good game in spite of the cold weather, and was well supported, Gallaudet having three double plays to her credit. Here is Gallaudet's batting order: Cooper, I. F., Meunier, 2 b., Hunter, s. s., Seeley, c., Leitch, r. f., Elder, c. f., O'Donnell, 2 b., Hinch, 1 b., Dillon, p.

Saturday, April 8th, the 41st anniversary of President Lincoln's signing the bill conferring collegiate rank on this institution, was celebrated as the college birthday in a very pleasant, if informal manner. The students and officers assembled in the chapel hall, on the evening of that day, and Mr. Ballard, '06, the first alumnus of the college, took the chair and made a few remarks in opening the exercises, and introduced President Gallaudet, who received a warm

ovation. Dr. Gallaudet then spoke of the circumstances attending the passage and signing of the bill which made us a college, touched briefly on the progress since then made and ended with expressing his hope and fixed desire for still further accomplishment, and a continual uplifting of the college work. When Dr. Gallaudet had finished and was about to leave the platform in the midst of great applause, he was arrested and held to receive a great birthday cake, shining with frosting, and bearing on its top 41 candles for the forty-one years of the college's life. It was borne by Clyde Stevens, '05, and Miss Swift, '05, presented it with a short and appropriate speech. Mr. Ballard next introduced Dr. Hotchkiss, '69, who responded with an interesting account of how the founding of the College was received by the deaf themselves, as typified in his own case, and then went on to compare the college life of his day with that of the present, with other reminiscences of those first years. After him Mr. Ballard called upon Dr. Ely, "the first Normal graduate of the college," who gave a few reminiscences of the early days of the Normal Class, and spoke of the intimate connection of the Department with the work of the State Schools and so with that of the college, concluding with the hope that this connection would continue to be as close in the future as it had been in the past. He was followed by Dr. Draper, '72, who, like Dr. Hotchkiss, responded with some interesting personal reminiscences, and then went on to emphasize a point in connection with Lincoln's signing the bill, and its passing by Congress, which as he said, was high testimony to the greatness of Lincoln, and the largeness of character of the American people—the trying times, with the burdens and responsibilities of the war could not so absorb Lincoln and the Congress that they could not find the time for the action which gave America the first and only college for the deaf in the world. After Dr. Draper had concluded, Mr. Ballard announced that the exercises were over, and that the rest of the evening would be given up to "social minglings." The assembly proceeded to "mingle," and a very enjoyable time was the fitting conclusion to this memorable and pleasant celebration. The big cake was cut up and eaten, and everyone vowed it was worthy of the occasion.

The O. W. L. S. met Wednesday evening to choose new officers for this term. The following were elected:

President.....	Miss Morse, '05
Vice-President.....	Miss Marshall, '05
Secretary.....	Miss Ren, '08
Treasurer.....	Miss Kimball, '08
Critic.....	Miss Britt, '08
Chairman of Executive committee.....	Miss Ren, '08
.....	Miss Scott, I. C.
.....	Miss Tade, '07

Friday evening the following new officers were chosen for the Reading Room Club.

Chairman.....	Miss Marshall, '05
Secretary.....	Miss Ren, '08
Treasurer.....	Miss Kimball, '08
Librarian.....	Miss Probst, '08
Assistant Librarian.....	Miss Scott, I. C.

E. ROWSE, '06.

NOTICE.

On the evening of April 20th next, Prof. T. F. Driscoll, of the Lexington Avenue School, will deliver a lecture at St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, for the benefit of the charitable fund of the Brooklyn Guild. His subject will be "The Masquerader." Come early and get good seats. Doors open at 7:30 o'clock. Admission, 15 cents.

For the Committee on Literary Affairs.

GEO. L. REYNOLDS, Cor. Sec'y.

70 South Fourth Street.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAF-MUTE KILLED.

Allen Tullock, a deaf-mute, living in Duaneburg, was run down and instantly killed by train No. 70 on the D. & H. railroad near Shear's stone quarry last night. Tullock was employed at the stone quarry and was passing through there on his way home from the dental office of Dr. McDougall in Duaneburg, where he had been to have a tooth extracted. The tooth was later found in his pocket.

The train which struck Tullock is known as the "Barrett Train," in charge of Conductor Michael Barrett. As Tullock is deaf, it is thought that he did not hear the approaching train and was struck before he could get out of the way. Coroner Dettbarn was not notified of the accident until this morning. An effort had been made last night to get him, but he was busy with the Breek case and could not be reached. Undertaker Lawrence White of Delanson took charge of the remains until Coroner Dettbarn viewed them this morning. Tullock is survived by a widow, who is also a deaf-mute, and two children. Tullock's injuries consisted of a fractured skull.—*Schenectady Star*, April 3.

Mrs. John S. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Schieffler were confirmed by Bishop Lines, at Trinity Church, Newark, N. J. on Sunday, April 9th.

Our Papers for the Deaf.

WHAT AN EXPERIENCED HEAD HAS TO SAY ABOUT THEM.

By James E. Gallaher.

The *Mt. Airy World* of Pennsylvania, is a fine magazine that appears weekly; it is printed on paper of superior quality, and made up in a thoroughly artistic manner. For a long time it has been publishing "Glimpses of English History," which has now reached the forty-fourth part. This is an interesting contribution, and is a great help to all (including myself) who read it, as it gives a condensed account of the most noteworthy deeds of the various rulers of England, with their portraits. Then there are "Traveller's Tales," which tell of many things not usually read in current literature. One column is devoted to "Our Graduates," and that is the only part where information relating to the deaf is to be found. The editorial page usually treats of timely subjects bearing on the deaf and their education. In the issue of March 23d, there was an article on "The Sign Language," wherein the editor denied, (1) that it was a living language unknown to the majority of people as asserted by some one; (2) that the country went "oral mad" a few years ago; (3) that after a fair trial, the oral method was found disastrous in its results; (4) that before many years the deaf began clamoring for a less narrow system of education, but admitted (5) that the deaf have beautiful, "singularly beautiful, hands!" When it is known that Harris Taylor is the editor of this excellent magazine, it is no wonder that he should be so politely sarcastic. Hereafter, when any one says to me: "Poor thing, I am sorry you are deaf and dumb," I shall reply that it is something of a compensation that I have beautiful hands. Mr. Taylor—formerly the Bill Nye of the *Lone Star Weekly*, of Texas—not being deaf, said there was a time when the sight of a beautiful hand made him feel jealous, but he has "become reconciled to what he has." I suppose this took place since he moved to the Quaker City, and began teaching by the oral method, thereby losing all chance of becoming the happy possessor of beautiful hands from constantly exercising them by spelling on the fingers and in making signs. However, he and his brilliant co-workers are amply compensated in having beautiful mouths.

The *Kansas Star*, of Olathe, is edited by that athletic superintendent known as Henry C. Hammond, a man whom I have known very well for thirty-eight years, as he was my first teacher at the Illinois State School for the Deaf. I am not surprised that he can find time from his manifold duties, to look after the school paper, at least part of it, and a real good paper it is, too. While a teacher in the Illinois School, Mr. Hammond was the longest jumper, the best batter at a ball game, the most expert swimmer, the most graceful skater, one of the best hunters to be found anywhere, and his penmanship was a marvel of beauty. All these gifts by the job lot he still possesses, and it was only last winter that we read in the school papers how he delighted his pupils by an exhibition of skating. Some years ago, while a teacher at the Illinois School, before he came to Chicago to try his luck with the day schools, he saved a hearing boy from drowning. His home was near the school reservoir, and one day in passing it he heard cries of help coming from that direction. Running up to the place, he saw a boy struggling in the water, finally sinking. Mr. Hammond had no time to divest himself of clothing or shoes, and at once plunged into the deep water, dived, seized the lad, and brought him safely to land. It should be added that the reservoir was cement lined all around, so that Mr. Hammond was obliged to keep swimming with his burden till some one came with a rope, which was thrown to him and he was pulled out.

The *Wisconsin Times* is a thing of beauty and a rare good bi-weekly. Printed on heavy super calendar paper, with ornamental borders at the top of each page and an engraved heading that is a work of engraver's art, it at once attracts the attention of all who happen to glance at it. Its editor and printer is Mr. Larsen, whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with in the spring of 1898, during a visit with my wife to the Wisconsin School as the guest of our old friend and former teacher, Prof. John W. Swiler. Mr. Larsen gives ample evidence of being a first-class printer, and the school may well congratulate itself on having such a man in charge of its printing department. That indefatigable hustler who is supposed to always sleep with one eye open, so as to be ready instantly to have something to say on industrial education, Mr. Warren Robinson, has done a good deal to make the *Times* what it is in its literary features. Almost every issue contains an editorial contribution from his pen, and "The Picture Gallery," containing portraits of graduates of the school and others, with interesting sketches, is under his charge. It was his own

creation. Then there is Mr. Lange, who so ably conducts the "Deaf of Foreign Lands" column, keeping the readers informed of what is transpiring among the silent brethren across the water. He also frequently makes an editorial contribution. There is yet another volunteer worker for the *Times*, in the person of Mr. Murphy, who has charge of a column devoted to alumni news. These three men, whom I know well, are unsparing in their efforts to do everything that may redound to the credit of their school. Mr. Murphy, by the way, has a little girl who, on the 17th of last month, learned in a most impressive way that it is not always well to be too friendly with calves a few weeks old. On that day, out of the pure goodness of her little heart, she allowed a young calf to lick and lick and yet lick a mitten on one of her hands, till it suddenly vanished, Jonah like, in the cavity of the animal. She waited for it to return, which unfortunately never took place.

The *Mentor* is a monthly published at the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Malone, N. Y., of which Mr. Edward Rider is Superintendent. It is another of those few periodicals for the deaf, that are printed on fine, heavy paper, and is a first-class publication in every particular. The word "mentor" means teacher, guide and friend, hence this monthly is devoted to teachers and the school room. It certainly is a valuable medium and always interested me. The superintendent is editor and is the son of deaf parents; he is a most uncompromising opponent of the sign language. His father is Henry C. Rider, who was from 1872 to 1879, at Mexico, N. Y., the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York. Hardly an issue of the *Mentor* appears without an editorial criticizing or attacking the sign language as practiced in certain schools. Five years ago, the superintendent initiated the practice of employing graduates of State normal schools to teach advanced classes of his school. He thus makes sure that he is employing men and women who have no knowledge of the sign language.

To be continued.

PITTSBURG, PA.

John Escherich is coming here in June, as said in his letter to Mr. F. S. Leitner. Great hope and wish was expressed, though a little shaken with fear, that he might survive consumption through the winter in Colorado. After fixing every thing about his interests here he will go to California with his faithful sister to settle there.

James Conway is back here from Erie, where he was called last Christmas to attend his sick little daughter and also sick parents-in-law.

Miss Katie Falck somehow let her gold neck beads loose and drop. It took her several hours to search for the precious thing, and at last felt relieved when a very little lad, not knowing its value, returned it to her.

Mrs. Belle Knowles, nee Miss Winch, is blessed by the birth of a girl baby.

Mr. Cyril Painter and family will make a new home at Kittanning, where he will resume his old work on the *Times*.

Charles A. Newton, oil gauger, had a pleasant call among his old-time friends here. He works for his father, who has a dozen oil wells or so in his charge, for the Standard Oil Co.

Though three months have gone by, Prof. A. U. Downing is getting big orders from McKeesport business men for calendars. It must be either his brains or the quality of calendars that makes it go.

Ernest Cowley reminds the members and friends of the Guild that a business meeting will be held at Grace Trinity Church, corner Webster and Grant Streets, on third Tuesday of this month.

President Tegard announces the date of the business meeting of the Gallaudet Alumni Chapter—April 15th, at his home.

George McConnell works nights at Star tin-plate mill.

George Korn was greatly tickled, when the time-keeper, finding he had worked at the Switch and Signal Works for four years, informed him that he gets a raise of two and a half cents per hour for his wages.

Added to the list of removals are Michael Kornblum, George Korn and James Forbes.

The local census finds an increase of the silent population. James Postlewaite, of Punxsutawney, gets a steady job as painter and is dwelling among his East End friends.

Albert Price quits his shoe-shop at Pitearn and accepts a position—more dignified, so he thinks it is—as a boss of nailers for a house builder.

Wm. McCracken is particularly pleased with his bigger job—though himself a liliputian—drilling big holes on big machines at Braddock Steel Company.

Chairman F. S. Leitner, being pleased with the recent entertainments, is now planning a mock trial for the benefit of the Home on May 13th.

John Scott's brother departed to

Boston to take charge of the ovens for Ward-Mackey Co., bakers. His brother-in-law will be foreman of another branch of the same company at Cleveland. John has to scratch his head before deciding to go with him or stay among his clams here.

The third stereoscopic show was given at 4th Ave. Baptist Church. The scenes in China were illustrated. The church was full to the doors.

In Wm. Henderick's absence to Youngstown on business, his wife had a thrilling night, when a burglar tried in vain to get in. We remember that the burglars broke in two years ago, and took with them a fine cake, besides other things, which she had made for Sunday.

Rev. A. W. Mann had a talk on the text: "I shall not see you unless you bring your brother," which was Joseph's command to his brothers. He directed a holy communion at Trinity Church. Then he hustled to Greensburg and Johnstown. He was accompanied to Greensburg by Mr. Leitner.

It is expected to raise a distribution to support the side that is working for the combined system in Chicago. Mayor-elect Dunne promises to support what is the best method for the education of the mutes.

Wm. Collins' cousin fell with his head down, and broke his neck, while doing carpenter work on a new house at McKeesport.

Mrs. H. Bardes is taking care of her sick mother at her home.

Photographs of the euchre club, which has broken up for the season, are selling among the members.

It was feared that the death of Dr. Patterson's aged mother might prevent him from coming here, but, to the delight of the Means and Ways committee, he appeared, and delivered a lecture before one of the largest audiences that had gathered this year. We can assure with pleasure that he deserves his degree of doctor, for he expounded his subject—"How to Conquer Poverty"—so well, so plainly, so brilliantly, with many humorous and pathetic short stories, that we would be too glad to have another lecture from him. A rising vote of thanks was in favor of him. Then Miss M. Brocken declaimed one of the most famous poems, "Hail Columbia." On John Rolhouse's motion, it was passed that a special meeting be called at the Y. M. C. A. Building, to consider his report about halls.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sawhill were surprised to get an elegant table and six chairs, with which their friends remembered their fifteenth anniversary of marriage. They were so much obliged, that they wrote the names of the friends down on the inside of the table.

SOMEBODY.

VIRGINIA.

Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, General Missionary to the Deaf of the South, spent Sunday in Charlottesville, returning to Baltimore on Monday. Dr. Whildin has been quite busy in his field of labor, and has made a fine impression on his silent listeners.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. W. C. Ritter, of Hampton, who has been ill for a year, is somewhat better.

Mrs. Sallie Tucker, who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Lane, near Lynchburg, is visiting relatives in North Carolina.

Mr. J. D. Ambroselli, a first-class baker, who has been engaged by a leading Southern hotel for the summer, has gone to North Carolina. Waynesboro can boast of the only deaf-mute in Virginia who works for Uncle Sam. Lynn Carter is the polite and accommodating mailing clerk in the Post office.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Official Announcement.

The F. S. D. (National) Convention will be held at Detroit, Mich., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 5th, 6th and 7th, 1905.

F. P. GIBSON,

Grand President.

Approved: By the Executive Board.

A Lecture

On Saturday evening, May 6th, Dr. Thomas F. Fox will lecture upon "Russia's Nemesis," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church. Admission, twenty-five cents.

Charles Wolf of St. Louis, Mo., bought fifteen shares in the dry goods and clothing store, with a partner—two of his brothers. He is working as usual at the drug store.

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn Guild Wants a Home.

AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S

News Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Guild, a move in the right direction was made. One of the members brought up the question as to whether it would not be wise to take action looking to secure permanent quarters of its own in the near future—in other words, to buy a building for the Brooklyn Guild's own use. Messrs. Gilbert, McIlwraith, Reynolds and Wilkinson spoke favorably of the project, and much enthusiasm was created. One member, growing excited, moved that a committee of ten be at once appointed to take the project in hand, but such action was finally put over until the next regular business meeting. The deaf of New York already have a church of their own, and another is not needed. The idea of this movement is for the deaf of Brooklyn to have a hall of its own. On Sundays, religious services could be held in the hall. On other days, and evenings, the Brooklyn Guild would use the hall for its meeting and for socials, literary gatherings, dances, fairs, etc., and in time billiards and bowling could be added. When not used by the deaf, the hall could be rented for light entertainments and thus an income could be had from this source. It is thought that this income, added to the store on the first floor and rooms on the third, together with dues from its members, would be sufficient to meet all expenses of the Guild. Its entertainments would supply funds for the charitable work of the Brooklyn Guild. This project, if carried out, will be of the utmost benefit to the deaf. With a strong pull, and a pull all together, it can be carried to a successful conclusion.

Impressive, indeed, was the making of the stations of the Cross as conducted by Rev. Father McCarthy last Sunday. Concluding the usual short instruction in the College hall, all repaired to the lower church of St. Francis Xavier's. Attired in his black cassock and white surplice, Father McCarthy preceded from the altar by four young acolytes. Beginning at the station where Our Saviour is before the throne of Pilate, Father McCarthy mounted the seat nearby, and so on all through the fourteen stations depicting the last hours on earth in the life of our Lord, explained the meaning of each, and the lesson to be derived therefrom. The silent worshippers knelt with him and offered a short prayer after each station was described. While the deaf-mutes readily understood all he said, so, too, were the hearing people present in the church at the time able to follow his oral interpretation.

A new movable platform has been added to the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club's meeting room. Plenty of foot space now for the spread-eagle orators of the club. The platform was cut up into sections so it could be moved to the billiard room, or gymnasium, as the size of the audience demanded. Henry Melia, chairman of the club's house committee, had the contract, and carried out his part with neatness and dispatch.

All who attended the Xavier deaf-mutes' excursion last summer, and there are others, too, will hail with delight the probability of another day's outing, some time in the middle of June. This time, the Xavierites and their friends expect to sail up the American Rhine.

Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., director of the Xavier Union and its allied societies, is to officiate at the nuptial tying of three young couples, all members of his silent congregation, during the next six weeks. The first ceremony happens in Easter Sunday evening, at St. Peter's Church, Jersey City. Mr. Thomas Driscoll and Miss Mackin are the contracting parties.

It has been decided to repeat the innovation of a ladies' auxiliary committee in connection with the Xavier Entertainment, April 26th. The committee will number six, with Mrs. James Russell at the head.

Luther Taylor, the celebrated base ball pitcher of the New York National League team, arrived in town last week. He has met several of his deaf friends and admirers, and they all say he looks to be in the pink of condition. We hope Taylor will eclipse his fine pitching record of last season. His batting is high up for a "slab artist," and he is improving all the time. As for fielding, there is no pitcher in the world today that is his equal.

Last season he led the League in fielding, with a perfect record—no errors at all.

The Japanese party, which takes place under the auspices of the Brooklyn Guild, during the latter part of May, will be in charge of a committee of young ladies, headed by Miss Emma Bammann, with Mrs. Ella Taylor as her chief assistant. Tickets for this affair are now on sale, and can be obtained from any member of the Brooklyn Guild.

Mr. Seymour A. Gomprecht has been promoted to be foreman in the engraving establishment of Noble Engraving Co., where he has worked steadily for eight years, and he has given employment to a few deaf-mutes. Now one of them is employed by the American Bank Note Co.

Messrs. Gomprecht and Hirsch were the guests of Mattie Schiffrin and Mr. S. Lowenherz, at the former's beautiful home, in Flushing, L. I. They all took a stroll to Murray Hill and Jamaica, and were greatly surprised at the progress of the town.

Benjamin Goldwater and Miss Helen Brown, were married last Sunday evening. The ceremony took place at Vienna Hall. Ely Mayer and other friends were present. The happy couple received some nice presents.

Harry Schroeder, formerly a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, is requested to send his address to Secretary Frankenheim, 139-143 West 125th Street, Room 9.

Charles Wolff, of St. Louis, Mo., expects to be in New York City some time this coming summer, and will be very glad to meet his old acquaintances again.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF APRIL 17.

For the week of April 17th at Proctor's 125th St. Theatre a particularly strong attraction will be furnished in Neil Burgess, the famous star of "The County Fair," who has been especially engaged to produce his play for that week only. It has been several seasons since Mr. Burgess has appeared in Harlem, and he has only recently received "The County Fair," which has met with great success wherever it has been produced. All new scenery has been provided for this production, and in support of Mr. Burgess, who will appear, of course, as Abagail Prue, will be seen Mr. Wm. J. Kelly, Miss Beatrice Morgan, and all the other favorites of the uptown Proctor stock company. The famous racing scene with "Cold Molasses" as the star feature, will be produced with all the elaborate detail that always characterized this production before.

At Proctor's 5th Avenue Theatre for the week of April 17th, Madeline Lucette Ryley's favorite English comedy drama, "Christopher Jr." will be presented by the popular stock company at that house. Mr. Henry Woodruff, who has been out of the cast for a week, owing to the temporary loss of his voice, will play the title role for the first time, and Miss Isabelle Everson will enact the role of the gentle heroine. The other parts will be in the hands of such capable actors as Jeffrey Stein, Wallace Erskine, Gerald Griffith, Mathilde Deshon, Gertrude Berkley, Scott Cooper, H. Dudley Hawley, etc. For the vaudeville in conjunction with the play there will be Marguerite and Hanley, a gymnastic specialty of decided merit, and other well known acts.

Week commencing Monday Matinee, April 17th, the 58th Street Proctor stock company will offer a magnificent production of "A Gentleman of France," as originally produced at Wallack's Theatre with tremendous success, where it had a long and prosperous run. The announcement of this production is creating no little comment, not alone because it is a romantic drama of unusual excellence, but also with first performance will occur the debut of Mr. Robert Drouet as leading man of the 58th Street stock company. The present season he has been leading man with Miss Blanche Walsh, playing at the Herald Square Theatre. The play will be produced with all the original scenery, accessories, music, light effects, and a splendid cast.

There is apparently no diminution in either the size or quality of the bills that Mr. F. F. Proctor is presenting at his 23d St. Theatre, where vaudeville rules supreme. The headliner for this week is Eddie Foy and Company, who for many years has been the leading star comedian in many of the comic opera productions produced on Broadway. He will appear in a most laughable sketch, entitled "The Man Behind The Gun," which will be sure to please the audiences. There is also on the bill, Mr. Chas. T. Aldrich, the famous burlesque illusionist, who is guaranteed to make the audiences laugh, and the Empire City Four, America's leading comedy quartette. The rest of this well-balanced bill includes specialists of merit, and the moving pictures.

PHILADELPHIA.

Officers of the Clero Society Installed.

COMING WEDDING.

Society and Personal.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thursday evening, April 6th, a new regime took hold of the reins of government of the Clero Literary Association, for the term of 1905-06. The occasion was the installation of the officers elected on the fourth Thursday in March. In accordance with the rules, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, as *ex-officio* Chairman, presided over this meeting as he did over the elections. After a brief address by the chairman, the new officers were affirmed together, standing in a row for the purpose. They are Abram Franz, President; John A. Roach, First Vice President; Edward D. Wilson, 2d Vice President; George T. Sanders, Secretary; Harry G. Gunkel, Treasurer; Miss Cora L. Ford, Librarian; Joseph A. Rodgers, Sergeant-at-Arms. Each of the officers then made little "thank-you-for-the-honor" speeches.

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Emma Florence West to Mr. Samuel Gaston Davidson have been sent out. The event will take place on Tuesday evening, April 25th, at half after seven, in St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, Ogontz, a beautiful suburb, known also as Elkins Park. After the ceremony a reception will be held for the newly-married couple, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Roelofs, at their residence in that suburb. Both being teachers at the Mt. Airy School, it is not likely that they will absent themselves from their duties by a trip, but Mr. Davidson expects to conduct a summer school in New Hampshire, as usual, and thus an opportunity will be had for a delightful "honeymoon."

A regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will be held at the residence of Mr. Jas. S. Reider, 1338 N. Dover Street, Philadelphia, at two o'clock P.M., on Saturday, April 29th. Proposed amendments to the By-Laws of the Society will be considered at this meeting. President Allabough and Secretary Teegarden, of Pittsburgh, are expected to be on hand. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Allabough will deliver a lecture before the Philadelphia Local Branch, at Harrison Hall. A small charge for admission will be made, as usual, to meet expenses. We bespeak a large attendance at this meeting, for Mr. Allabough is not only a most interesting speaker, but also one of the best masters of the sign-language in this State. Remember the date.

The attention of the local deaf is called to the announcement of an afternoon service at all Souls' Church on Easter-Day. There will be two Communion services on that day, the regular morning one and the special one in the afternoon. By this arrangement all the deaf will be accommodated, we believe. We suggest that the deaf make their offerings on this great feast day as large as possible and thus show their appreciation and gratitude for the accommodation given them by their Pastor, and for the new improvements to the Church. They can not please Pastor Dantzer better than by so doing and then it will help the church a great way. Let all remember this; yea, let us respond to the Church's message of "Peace on earth, good will towards men," with open purses and a glad heart.

Prof. Elemendorf, formerly of the Lexington Avenue School, New York, is to deliver two illustrated lectures in this city at the Academy of Music. The first lecture, "Climbing the High Alps," is being delivered this Monday evening (April 10th), and the second will be given next Monday evening, April 17th, when the subject will be "The Yellowstone Park." Both lectures will be illustrated with his wonderful telephotographs in colors. Some of our deaf expect to see one of the lectures, if not both.

Mrs. H. E. Stevens, and the Misses Jennie and Alice Donohue, attended Burton Holmes charming travelogue on "Japan," at the Academy of Music, last Friday evening, 7th inst., and report an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Effie L. Dorfner has returned to the city, after a protracted absence.

At the last meeting of the Local Branch, P. S. A. D., Mr. F. W. Booth gave an entertaining lecture on "Japan."

ments are contemplated, chief among which will be the painting of the building, which seems an unavoidable necessity. The Board of Trustees at its monthly meeting in March, admitted Ulysses T. Amernman, of Shamokin, as a new inmate.

Mrs. G. M. Teegarden, of Pittsburgh, is visiting in the East. She will spend some time at the Home, relieving the Matron for a short rest, and later she will try life in the Quaker City.

WEST VIRGINIA

News items should be sent to John C. Bremer, 3004 Jacob Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

The deaf of Wheeling and vicinity are warned to be on the lookout for bogus silver dollars, that are now being circulated quite freely here, according to some of the business-men well-known by the deaf, who have been caught with the spurious coin.

On Thursday afternoon, about three thousand people, including several deaf-mutes, gathered at Island Park to witness the exhibition game between the New York team of the National League and the Wheeling club, who were defeated by the score of 13 to 6. The game was the first one of the year, and inaugurated the local season. While it was not the most brilliant exhibition of ball playing ever seen on the diamond, it was good, and evidently the crowd was pleased with the game, and the Wheeling team "satisfied with life," that they were not shut out. The game was full of sensations, and, at times, looked like a comedy of errors by both teams. Besides this a dog fight and the collapsing of the bleachers added to the gaiety of the nations. Just before the game started, the right-field bleachers, crowded with a horde of rooters, collapsed, and for a moment it looked as if the accident was a serious one. However, after the crowd had emerged from the wreck, it was found that no one was hurt.

The dog fight took place in the seventh inning, when the New York left-fielder, Mertes' bull-dog, attacked a wandering cur on the Giants' territory, while guarding the bats and masks. The crowd rushed across the field to see the fight, which they thought would probably be more interesting than the game.

Mr. Luther Taylor, the idol of the deaf fans, during the last half of the sixth inning, entered the pitcher's box, succeeding Elliott. All through the remaining innings, Taylor pitched wonderfully against "our own," giving them only one sacrifice-hit, one base on balls, and striking out three of them. Luther was at bat twice, making a two-base hit and one run. His playing was a great satisfaction to the mutes.

Mr. Taylor had been registered at McClure Hotel before the game, and was warmly greeted by two of the deaf-mutes. After the game he left over the Pan-Handle railroad with the club for New York, disappointing nearly all of the mutes' expectancies of a little longer stay. Before the game he was photographed with all of his club. Any deaf-mute can secure pictures of the New York champions at Nicholl's art-store on Market street.

Here are some comments about Mr. Taylor:

"Dummy" Taylor, with his funny antics, was the life of the game.

When "Dummy" Taylor took the box he sailed them over in a manner that was to say the least, very tantalizing.

"Dummy" Taylor found a friend or two in town and was able to converse with ease. There seems to be a fraternity of deafship existing between mutes, and as soon as Taylor hits a town he finds some one he knows. In the seventh inning, when he struck out, he tried to protest, but the best he could do was to shake his head and laugh. He never did speak, and he hasn't heard it thunder for sixteen years.

Messrs. Pearly C. Eller, a glass-worker, and Elijah W. Miller, a B. & O. R. R. clerk, of New Martinsville, were in town Sunday last. Elijah returned home in the evening, while Pearly staid till Tuesday.

Mr. Cary Twyford is employed as a tailor in St. Mary's.

Mrs. John A. Boland, of Romney, left for Pittsburgh, Pa., to see her aged father, Mr. Thomas J. McClurg, whose health is declining, which brings her much regret.

Misses Narcissa and Lulu Watts, deaf sisters, are expecting their new summer home in Greenbrier County.

Mr. Melvin Murphy is a well-paid deaf coal miner, somewhere near Huntington. The JOURNAL longs for his subscription before it gets too old to be put in a coal-fire.

According to the *Tablet*, a Home for the aged and infirm is proposed to be founded by a combination of West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware—each of which has not deaf-mutes enough to build separate refuges.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Correll and Mr. Edward Lavelle, of Parkersburg, favored Williamstown with their visits Sunday last.

was met by a number of deaf-mutes at the Bellaire, O., station, passed through Wheeling to Pittsburgh, Pa., yesterday afternoon, reporting that his ticket could not let him stop off here for some time, to be tendered a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Platoff Zane, as prepared.

Mr. Abraham D. Hayes, a deaf teacher of Romney, was one of the recent group of arbitrators over the case of cows being held in the yard of a beautiful home for the damage of a good part of the lawn they chewed up. The animals entered through an open gate. The damage was paid for promptly. The deaf-mute performed his part well.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., will be in Wheeling, April 30th, for a service and the Holy Communion at St. Matthew's P. E. Church "a deaf colored man, whose name could not be learned, is serving a life sentence in State penitentiary at Moundsville, for being on accomplice with nine other men on killing a man in McDowell County, not long ago. While, on the way to the prison, a train, on which all those murderers had been brought by their guards, was stopping for several minutes in New Martinsville, the conductor, by pad and pencil, notified those deaf-mutes, who happened to be on the platform of the station, of the deaf negro on the train. Noticing it through a window, the negro quickly waved his hand at them, saying only in finger-spelling, "We killed a man." He refused to answer several other questions.

Mr. Clarence S. McGuire, of Buckhannon, was in Morgantown on business, last week.

Mr. Harry Waters, of Morgantown, is a victim of whooping-cough. In writing to Mrs. Platoff Zane, Bishop George W. Peterkin, of West Virginia, recently expressed his great happiness about the church for the deaf here, and would co-operate with her as far as he could.

Mr. Platoff Zane and the reporter, trustees of the church fund, have deposited in the Ohio Valley Bank, ninety-one dollars and fifty cents (\$91.50) to-day. Mrs. John C. Bremer collected \$75.00 of it in a very short time, and Mr. William Halpin, all the rest.

On the night of April's Fool Day, over the river at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Littleton, respectable deaf-mutes, there was a jolly ribbon-party, as well as birthday-party, in honor of Thomas, who had become sixty-seven years of age (instead of his birthday, March 25th), on account of the flood, as mentioned in the JOURNAL two weeks ago. He was the tickled recipient of many useful presents. The feature of the affair was the game of tailless donkey, which afforded much laughter. The Wheeling deaf-mutes, with those of Ohio, were treated to an enjoyable collation.

Mr. Alexander J. McMullen, of Williamstown, was in Marietta, O., the guest of Mr. Frank Brennan, a semi-mute, formerly of Gallaudet College, the past Sunday.

April 8, '05. J. C. B.

CHURCH NOTICES.

PALM SUNDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1905.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Litany and short Sermon in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Good Friday in Holy Week, April 17th, 19th, 20th, and 21st, at 8 P.M.

Lecture by Mr. John Wilkinson in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, April 18th. Free with welcome to all.

EASTER DAY, APRIL 23D.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. Holy Communion.

Three hymns will be recited by the vested choir of young women. It is hoped that a large number of our friends from surrounding towns may be with us in St. Ann's, at this Easter service. Our usual services at other points will be postponed to the Sunday.

KANSAS CRANK LOCKED UP.

TOPEKA, April 5.—A deaf-mute, arrested yesterday for threatening to kill Governor Hoch, to-day was adjudged insane and sent to an asylum. He calls himself "J. Everest Worthington, M.A."

Special Notice

The Ven. Samuel G. Babcock, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Massachusetts, will attend the service at the New England Home for deaf-mutes on Good Friday, April 21st, at 3 P.M. and preach.

All are invited to this service. S. STANLEY SEARING, Diocesan Missionary.

Mrs. C. Lawrence, of Newark, N. J., has gone to Lakewood, N. J., and will return home before Easter.

OHIO.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsey Lose their Little Girl.

A FRENCH VISITOR.

The Doings of a Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 909 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Elsey are mourning the death of their little daughter, Louise Evelyn, which took place Thursday morning. Only seven months ago the little flower budded into the world. A sweet little child she was, giving forth sunshine to her parents, little brother and sister; but she was too sweet, and He who gave her called her to his own. She had been sick with a severe cold, which suddenly developed into pneumonia and despite all that doctor and loving hands could do, she succumbed to the attack. The death was a surprise and shock to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Elsey, coming as it did so suddenly, and in their loss they have their sincere sympathy.

Early Friday morning, a service was held over the remains by Rev. Wm. S. Eagleson, which was interpreted by Mr. Leon Odebrecht, and the remains, accompanied by the grief-stricken parents and Mrs. Elsey's parents, were then taken to the latter's home near Kenton, where they will be buried in the family lot in Wolf Creek Cemetery. The employees of the bindery, where Mr. Elsey is employed, contributed a fine floral wreath to be laid on the casket.

Dr. Patterson left yesterday noon for Pittsburgh, where he is to lecture before the Branch of the Pennsylvania Association of the Deaf, for the benefit of the Home of that State, this evening. His subject will be "How to Conquer Poverty." Those who attend the lecture will be sure to enjoy a good treat.

Rev. Mounier, of Paris, France, was in the city several days this week, and learning that a Frenchman was at the Institution, came over Friday morning to seek him out. The man from France was none other than Mr. Leon Odebrecht, and the reverend gentleman was very glad to meet and have a talk with one of his countrymen. He addressed the pupils at their morning chapel service, giving an earnest talk upon doing good. He also said that he had visited the Paris School for the Deaf, and that the education there was wholly carried out by the oral method.

Mr. Fred. Schwartz has been a lonely boarder at his home for a couple of weeks—his better half and children being away enjoying a visit with relatives in Dayton and Piqua. She was at the latter place this week, but will return to Dayton to-day, and after a brief visit will come back to Columbus.

Two more deaf ladies have been added to the bindery force as folders, Miss Helen Gomoll, of near Toledo, but of late doing housework in Columbus, and Mrs. Ella McPeck Gillespie, of Cincinnati. The latter's husband died about a year ago, leaving her with two children to support. She is, at present, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Elsey, and will later, when circumstances warrant it, have her children with her.

The Independents won their second victory, Monday afternoon, from the East High School team. Only half the game was played, owing to lack of time, and the score was 11 to 5.

Rev. Austin W. Mann held a service in Trinity Chapel last evening, which was largely attended by the deaf. He left for Portsmouth this morning, where he holds a service this evening. He will be in Columbus again, April 30th, to assist the Bishop of the diocese in confirmation services.

A notice is up in the Principal's office, asking those who propose to attend the Teachers' Convention at Morgantown, next July, to put down their names. It's a little early, but all the same some five have already decided to attend.

An artificial stone walk is being laid from the alley to the rear entrance of the house on the girls' side, and the triangle between the walks leading to the building and school house is being raised by the addition of earth thereon.

The Spring-like weather for a week or more past, got a setback yesterday, when the earth was covered with an eighth of an inch of snow, and cold, raw winds, the order of the day.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Bellaire gave a social last Saturday evening, at of the home of Miss Daisy Littleton. It was well attended, and much fun had in various games. The next one will be held at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Corbett. This society is very enthusiastic, and is doing much good for the Home.

The sweet girl graduates of '05 are preparing for the event next month, as frequent visits to the dressmaking department give hint.

W. Behmer, of Clermont County, has been in the city for a week on a vacation. He is a shoe fitter, and the factory wherein he works is in-voicing.

Inquiry of the doctor, who has charge of Miss Clara Lingle, in the hospital, is to the effect that she is slightly improved, but visitors are not allowed to see her, at least for the present.

April 8, '05 A. B. G.

ST. LOUIS.

The monthly Public Opinion meeting was held on the 7th, and the happenings of the past month given in detail with special stress on the Russian bear's troubles, both internal and external. The meeting was as usual well attended.

The lone highwayman who some time ago secured \$10 from Miss A. Holthaus by snatching her purse and disappearing, made another successful attempt at almost the identical spot and some time of day, when he approached Mrs. Kuykendall, who boards at the same house as his former victim, seized her purse and made off with it. This time, however, he secured but \$2—. Of course, the police have clues, but the robber is still at large.

The Bishop of Missouri will visit St. Thomas Missouri, on Palm Sunday, April 16th, at 3 P.M., for the purpose of administering the Rite of Confirmation. He will also deliver the sermon, which will be interpreted for the deaf.

Hugh B. Browning of 445 Columbia place, East St. Louis, Ill., and Miss Josie Ruth Shoup, of 1847 North Broadway, St. Louis, both deaf-mutes, will be married this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the home of the bride. The marriage will mark the culmination of a courtship which began about ten years ago at the deaf-mute school in Jacksonville, Ill.

"When the couple went to the marriage license office the groom made known his wants by tersely writing, 'I want to buy a marriage license,' and then pointing to his fiancée added in writing, 'We are going to be married to-morrow.' They gave their ages as 27 and 26 years, respectively, and had no trouble in securing a license.

"Browning, who is a wood turner and cabinet maker by trade, is the son of Rev. M. L. Browning, pastor of the Methodist church at Stonington, Ill. He owes his affliction to an attack of scarlet fever when only 2 years of age. His fiancée, who is an orphan, residing with her sister, Mrs. Ed Orent, lost the power of speech and hearing when 4 years old, from brain fever.

"They both went to the deaf-mute school at an early age, and became quite proficient in reading and writing as well as in other branches."

"The marriage ceremony will be performed by Rev. C. M. Davis, Dean of Christ Church Cathedral. Miss Pearl Herdman of 2606 Virginia Avenue will act as interpreter. A number of deaf-mute friends and former schoolmates will be present."

Now that each one concerned has said his say on that old, old resolution, it seemed likely to be buried into oblivion; and, in fact, was given its quietus long ago; but in the recent *Silent Worker* Mr. Pach seems bent on resurrecting the matter.

The paragraph quoted by Mr. Pach is remembered by the writer, as one of his own; but he has neither the time nor the inclination to search through back numbers of the JOURNAL to see when and where it had appeared, the paragraph however is a simple statement of a fact and the writer made no comment whatever on it. Where, then, is the bad faith Mr. Pach thinks the writer charges Mr. Veditz with? Mr. Pach rushes to deny what he himself thought of. There is a proverb that says something about a guilty conscience, and the latter had better look it up.

This statement, however, is but quoted as an opening for further remarks; that which says the writer does not edit his own copy, has been heard of before with other untruths, and is laughed at. The rest of the paragraph can well follow the resolution into oblivion.

The writer has before noticed that Mr. Pach seems but too ready to jump at half formed conclusions, and use his facile pen with the same speed to have them recorded. We have a remembrance of how he "landed" on "Missourian" for daring to suggest a Virginian Local Committee as not concerning him. It would be a good idea if he applied some of his own medicine, as the President of the N. A. D. is amply able to take care of himself if necessary. But we have forgotten that the former as a true and dutiful friend hurries to defend the latter; it is touching to witness the modern Pythias varding off all attacks and sending in some of his own; now jumping on Missourian; then on the writer; and on others who have ideas contrary to his own; asking nothing and expecting nothing but at the same time keeping the resolution alive with its "The President shall be—a member of the Local Committee," and "withholding of said approval being equivalent to rejection of bids." Pshaw, Mr. Pach, let the resolution rest in peace, and whether in spite of, or because of it, you will photograph the next Convention—perhaps.

ARTHUR O. STEIDEMANN.

F A N W O O D.

A Lecture Upon "Unique Utah."

BASE BALL TEAM IMPROVING.

A Visit to the Zoo.

From our Regular Correspondent.

An interesting and instructive lecture, illustrated with stereopticon views, entitled "Unique Utah," was given by Prof. Edward P. Clarke, before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel, on Saturday evening last. The views were thrown on a large screen, with a written description preceding them, and everybody was thus enabled to know what they were without straining their eyes for the lecturer in the dark. It was the same lecture that Prof. Clarke has given before the public in the list of Board of Education lectures in the public schools. The announcement of the lecture on a written bulletin, posted as a notice to the pupils, did not excite any particular interest, the professor giving his subject in hidden words as "Something New," and hence the pupils were taken wholly by surprise in this novelty. Stereopticon views used to be given here several years ago, but were discontinued for reasons unknown. And now they appear again, to the delight of the pupils. As the professor formerly taught at the Utah School for the Deaf, he thought it fitting to give a lecture about a country he was quite familiar with. A map of the United States, with the geographical position of Utah, was first thrown on the screen, and was followed by views of the various prominent buildings there. Its grand natural scenery and rural precincts, with the magnificent Mormon temples, were shown, and a photograph of Mormons with their many wives, illustrative of the sway of polygamy in Utah. The lecture occupied more than an hour, and ended with the customary "Good Night." We extend our thanks to the professor for his thoughtfulness in providing an evening's entertainment for all.

Through a typographical error, the date of home-going was wrongly inserted. It should have been that the Easter vacation begins Wednesday, April 19th, and ends Tuesday, April 25th. Those of the Hebrew faith, leave on the same date, but return on Monday, May first.

The coming swelter in the temperature is best shown by the exodus of pupils to the ice-cream parlors near the school. "Waiter, bring me 'Horton's Pure,'" is becoming a common, everyday expression. Meanwhile, those pseudo-hygienists here are impressing upon them its injurious effect upon the digestive organs, but all to no avail.

A practice game of baseball was played between the Regulars and a picked team of pupils, on Saturday afternoon in the boys' yard. The team has shown some improvement in field work and batting. But the lack of regular hard practice is to be lamented. We were expecting the Empires of last week's game to meet us again, but they did not come, and the game was declared off. The nine cannot expect to win games if they do not work hard.

A party of nine boys, composing the Third B, Male Grade, and chaperoned by Miss Prudence E. Burchard, made a trip to Bronx Park on Saturday last. The Zoo furnished an instructive natural history lesson to all. The regular monthly meeting of the Protean Society was held last Thursday evening, in the cadet officers' reading room. Important business relating to the society was transacted.

BASEBALL PERSONALS.

When Captain Birk hits the ball, you will have to look through a telescope to see if it has lodged in the milky way.

Samuel McAllister has been reported as having made holes in the bat by his hot hitting. One declared he saw some sparks fly just as he batted the ball. This surprises all who know how sluggish he is.

The contortions Cole does in the box makes him a good applicant for a contortionist in a circus.

S. C.

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THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x33 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

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On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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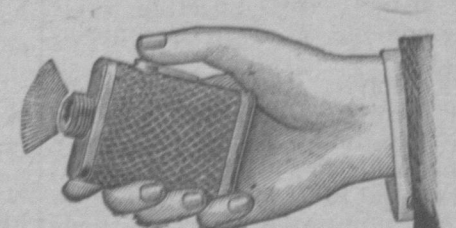
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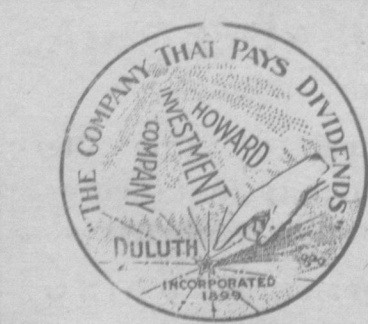
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The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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